We took up a position in the middle of the hall, under the huge chandelier. The mayor, surrounded by a score of councilmen, approached us and said sternly, "Your behavior is highly unbecoming. What is your business here?"

"That is what we intended to tell you. Why didn't you stay to listen?"

"Because of your disorderly conduct!"

"Our conduct was perfectly orderly," Malyshev replied, "but you must be ashamed of yourselves. You behaved like scared rabbits."

Meanwhile, uniformed police took positions at the windows and doors of the hall. Suddenly a brawl started. A councilman rushing to a washroom had been stopped by a police sergeant. The Council guards came to his rescue and the sergeant was knocked down and dragged to the middle of the hall by the victorious councilman. Holding his glasses high in the air, he shouted, "This brute slapped me in the face! He broke my glasses. He could have killed me!"

We held our position. Some councilmen tried to talk with us and we explained to them that we had come to the Municipal Council to get a decisive answer: Will there or will there not be public works for the unemployed?

Then loud noises came from the courtyard—the trampling of horses, barked orders. I went to the window. The yard was full of Cossacks. We were trapped.

After a caucus, the mayor came toward us. "Misters unemployed," he said, "believe me, I did not call the Cossacks. I am going to ask the Military Governor to remove them."

"That is your business," Malyshev replied. "We did not ask you about the Cossacks. We are asking about public works."

We were tired of standing in the middle of the hall. The chairman of the Municipal Council ordered the waiters to put chairs under the chandelier and invited us to sit down. It was long after midnight. Nobody had left the building. Councilmen were crowded around the bar at the far end of the hall, talking among themselves. A few reporters strolled back and forth. I saw that they got information about our plans. If we were arrested, a new Council of the Unemployed would take over the next day; the unemployed would hold the Municipal Council responsible for whatever happened to us.

The waiters put up a long mahogany table in front of us and brought large trays with tea and sandwiches. We were hungry but not sure whether it would be proper to accept this attention from the councilmen. On the other hand, it was a friendly gesture on their part and we did not want to be rude. While we discussed the problem our tea got cold. Finally we decided to accept the treat but